



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Quit moralizing now, my gentle Imps,
 Leave Mrs. Clarke to Clavering and such pimps;
 'The haunts of infamy let's quick abandon :
 Far be from us to meddle with the work
 Of Stews, of Dowler, of the Duke of York,
 Of Sammy Carter, or brave Huxley Sanden !

Then neat and clean, say why you have delayed,
 To follow *Boni*, while he proudly strayed
 Along the Danube's banks, through fields of blood,
 With nought to stay his progress, but its flood.

While London prints were daily holding out,
 That he and all his troops were put to rout ;
 And *vice* storming camps, or forming sieges,
 Sat quietly employed in building bridges !

That front and rear, his armies were beset,
 And all entangled as if in a net)
 Were *Boni's* marshals, guards and grenadiers,
 The mighty torrent of his fortune changed,
 His dukes bewilder'd, and himself derang'd,

This net however, as it now appears;
 At *Walkersdorf*, and *Wagram*, soon he broke,
 And cast it off his shoulders like a cloak ;
 Just as Manoah's son in days of yore,
 His hempen bonds at Ramath-Ichi tore. *
 'The D—— of it is, that still in writing,
 To beat and kill this *Boni*, but in fighting,
 With Russ, or Pruss, or Hun, we have the test on't,
 Some how or other he still gets the best on't.

One thing indeed sits heavy on my mind,
 I'm much afraid, that after such a thrashing,
 On all the Continent, we shall not find,
 Another open shop to spend our cash in !

Thy folly, Johnny Bull, will't never cease ?
 Wilt thou be ever brought to live in peace ?
 For half a century thou hast caused more death,
 Than any other — that e'er drew breath.

Edenticullo, 4th August, 1809. CALDERONE,
 To be continued.

TO HOPE.

SWEET Hope, I love thy flowery paths
 to tread,
 To bind my brows with thy unfading
 greens,
 To hear thy light notes steal along the
 glade,
 And gaze with rapture on thy distant
 scenes.
 Unlike the cruel world's deceitful smile,
 Thou cheer'st us still when friends are far
 away,
 Thou smooth'st our road, thou soften'st
 every toil,
 And oft—too oft thou art our only stay.
 Tost to and fro on life's tempestuous sea,
 My shatter'd bark the sport of every
 wind,
 No star I have, no helm, no guide but thee,

* Book of Judges, cap. 15, v. 14, &c.

Thou still'st the waves, thou sooth'st my
 fearful mind,
 And whisper'st sweetly after every blast,
 That I shall reach some friendly port at
 last. E. C.

AS the works of the celebrated Athenian poet Æschylus are become rare, perhaps the following attempt at translating a few of his stanzas, may meet the forgiveness of your readers. The time in which the poet lived, and the baneful impression made on his imagination by the faithless conduct of Clytempestra, will in some degree account for his reversing the office of a bee, by extracting the poison in place of the honey of the female history.

CHOEOPHORE.

From line 583 to 650.

Πολλὰ μὲν γὰρ τρέφει, &c.

STROPHE 1.

VARIOUS phenomena, of dreadful kind,
 And creatures hostile to the human
 race,

In ambient air existence find,
 And dwell in vast Salatia's embrace,
 In middle regions of the sky,
 Loose meteors float, and lightnings
 fly,
 And winged monsters, fraught with
 war,
 Soar high, while serpents creep below.
 Consider too the tempest's direful rage,
 Which 'gainst creation seems wild war to
 wage.

ANTISTROPHE 1.

But the bold counsels of the human breast,
 Who can conceive ? what language can
 express ?
 Oft robbing half the world of rest—
 And woman guilty of the worst excess !
 When sin-clothed mortals liv'd combin'd
 In guilty ties, of basest kind ;
 When passion uttered woeful cries,
 And bade sad scenes of horror rise,
 Love, odious love, pervading woman kind,
 In daring deeds left man and beast behind.

STROPHE 11.

Let him, deep-skild in legendary lore,
 Reflect how far revenge the feelings bore
 Of Thiestius' daughter, who in ire,
 Burnt in unrelenting fire
 The woeful wood, by fate decreed before
 To be consumed, and then her son ex-
 pire
 This she preserved with fearful caution,
 Till brother's blood inflamed her passion.

ANTISTROPHE II.

On cruel Scylla let the mind reflect,
Exposed to hatred by the treach'rous act,
Who, all inflam'd by Minos' charms,
Her sire lull'd in Somnus' arms,
Stole from his head the fatal hair, un-
check'd,

Nor thought nor dreamt he of the secret
harm,

And Hermes, of the shady nation,
Convey'd him to his destin'd station.

STROPHE III.

And 'mongst those horrid ills we trace,
The present claims distinguish'd place—

The hateful nuptials, the illicit bed;
'Gainst Argos' king, oppress with woes,
Admir'd and dreaded by his foes,

The foul devices of a wicked head;
The cheerless hearth, the fell domestic
strife,

The weapon urg'd against a husband's life.

ANTISTROPHE III.

But worst since men drew natal breath,
The Lemnian curse, of general death,

A subject still of horror and of grief;
Those females, cruel, false, unkind,
In ours, exact resemblance find,

Inspir'd by jealousy, of woes the chief.
Then fell mankind, with black disgrace
oppress,

For no one honours what the gods detest.

STROPHE IV.

But say, will those foul deeds,
With which our country bleeds,

Escape the dire punishment due?

No, justice! sharpen'd sword
Will sweet revenge afford,
And clear the sore, of sable hue.

For her dread laws must not
Be trampled and forgot—
Yet by command of vicious love,
Have mortals scorn'd the might of Jove.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Yes, firm unshaken place
Holds justice' sacred base,

Defying storms, its ground retains;
Fate points the deathful spear,
Adultery sinks in fear,

A son his native rights regains.
The furies, fierce, untam'd,
For signal vengeance fann'd,
To pierce the deep designing heart,
Prepare the hostile venom'd dart.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

SIR,

I send you some lines which I believe,
never were published, tho' deserving pub-
lication. They were, at the time, said
to be written by the late Lord Mountjoy,

then Luke Gardiner, but I have reason to
think the author was Colonel Jephson,
author of some plays, and a poem called
Roman Portraits. I am, sir, yours,
August, 6. M.

Prologue spoken by Mr. Gardiner, in the
character of a king of Ulster at Shane's
Castle, March the 30th, and April the
3d. 1781. the scene, a wood, and very
gloomy, he rose on a trap to soft mu-
sic, the dress as described by Hume, a
mantle of Tiger skin, saffron sleeves,
gold leather harness round the body, a
helmet and plume, the legs and arms
bare, half boots edged with fur; broad
sword, battle-ax and a shield, with the
bloody hand, the arms of the O'Neill
family.

Rous'd from the peaceful caverns of the
lake,

Where I have slept for ages,—lo! I
wake,

Behold this plume, pluck'd from the phœ-
nix tail,

My arms, the bloody hand; my name
O'NEILL.

The voice of joy, and revelry from far,
Broke on mine ear, like the sweet sound
of war.

As cold I lay beneath the hollow ground,
The castle's blaze, the harp's harmonious
sound,

Restored my sense, and wing'd my wil-
ling feet;

To view the grandeur of my antient seat.
Here 'midst the pastimes of this busy
scene

Invisible myself, your sports I've seen;
But heav'n's! how chang'd these objects
now appear,

The beauties of my woods alone are here.
For lo! these walls, where instruments
of death,

Were wont to frown upon the lake be-
neath,

These walls which erst my hard-earn'd
banners bore

Lacquer'd with brains, and smear'd with
human gore,

What various ornaments they now display,
Pictures and gold disposed in bright
array?

What magic's this? that wheresoe'er I
pass,

My shadow stares at me in burnish'd
glass,

Which ne'er before I saw, save when I
stood,

And viewed my form reflected in the
flood.

What magic's this? that full blown flow'rs
appear,

While winter's cold still checks the preg-
nant year.